MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

JANUARY

NO. 39

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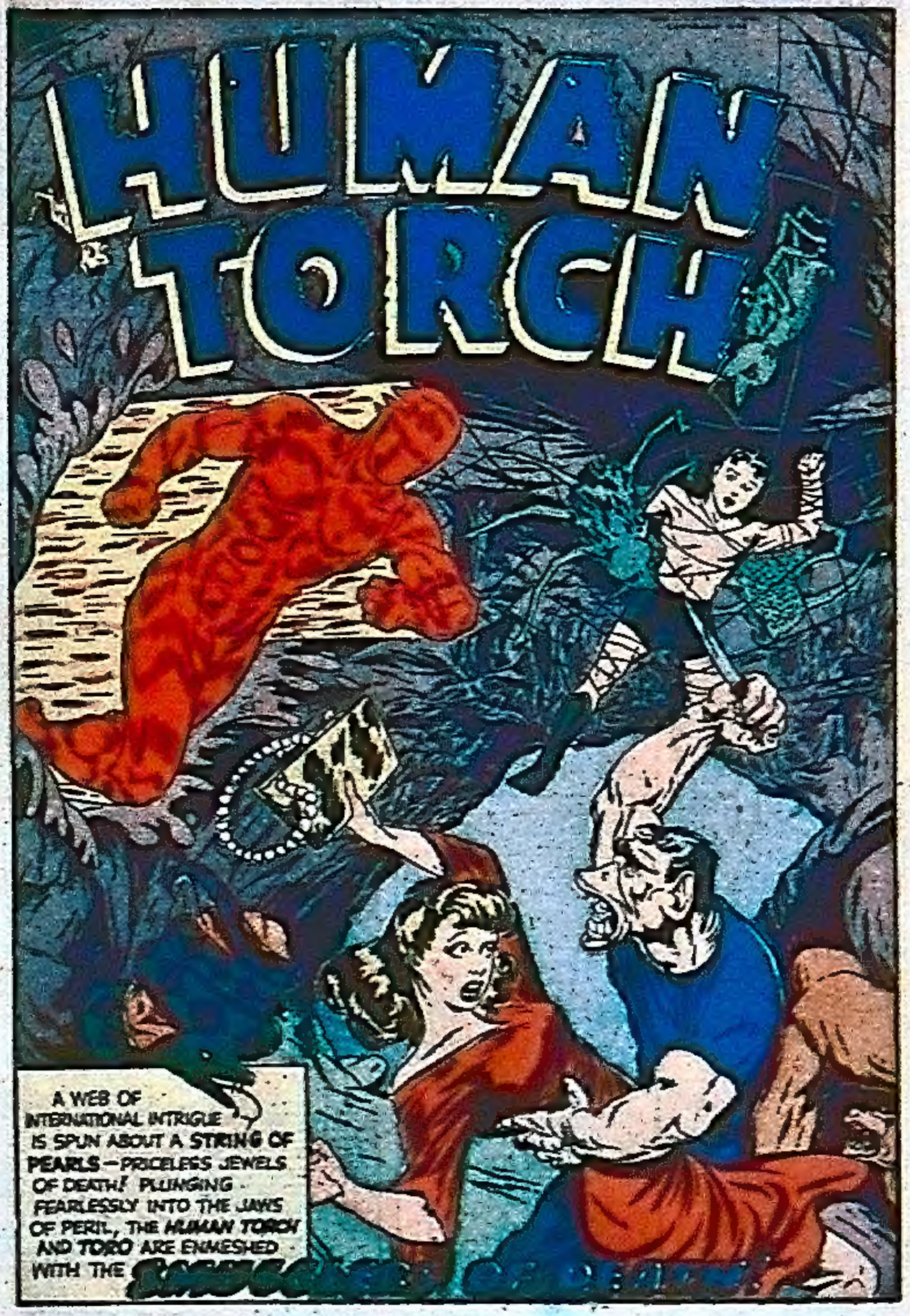
HUMAN TORCH
A WEB OF INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE IS SPUN ABOUT A STRING OF PEARLS—PRICELESS JEWELS OF DEATH! PLUNGING FEARLESSLY INTO THE JAWS OF PERIL, THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO ARE ENMESHED WITH THE

COMIC ART COLLECTION

THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO RECEIVE AN URGENT LETTER FROM DR. HORTON, TORCH'S CREATOR...
DR. HORTON WANTS ME TO MEET HIS NIECE, DORIS, AT THE PIER,—SHE JUST CAME OFF THE REFUGEE SHIP DROTTINGHAM WHICH ARRIVED FROM SWEDEN.
SO THE GREAT BIG TORCH HAS BEEN APPOINTED CHAPERONE!
IT'S NO JOKE, TORO! HE SAYS TO GUARD HER CAREFULLY!
UH— WONDER WHAT'S UP!
TORCH LEAVES...
I DON'T KNOW—BUT SHE'LL BE WITH VANCE COBURN, THE ATTACHÉ FROM THE BRITISH EMBASSY—LOOKS OFFICIAL!
WELL, DON'T FALL FOR HER! BE SEEING YOU!
AT THE PIER
HMM! THIS IS A PHOTO OF HER, DR. HORTON SENT ME... LOVELY GIRL!
THERE SHE IS... WOW! THAT'S SOME STRING OF PEARLS AROUND HER NECK!
SWEDISH
WHERE'S TORCH? HE'S SUPPOSED TO MEET US HERE!
OVER THERE! HE'S COMING THIS WAY!
HELLO, TORCH! MEET MR. COBURN OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY!
HOW DO YOU DO, MR. TORCH—
I HAVE A CAB WAITING!
YOUR UNCLE SEEMS VERY ANXIOUS FOR YOUR SAFETY— WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
OH, UNCLE IS ALWAYS THAT WAY!
SUDDENLY... FROM THE INNER RECESS OF THE CAB, A SUB-MACHINE GUN POKES OUT WITH A DEATHLY CHATTER!
WATCH OUT!
OH-HH!
FALL DOWN!

THE CAB ROARS TO LIFE AND DARTS AWAY!
DOWN! MISS HORTON!
OH-NO!
WHITTTTT!!!
THE TORCH FLAMES!
DIRTY BUTCHERS!
LOOK IT! THOSE CARS ALL LOOK ALIKE — BETTER GET BACK TO THE GIRL! SHE WAS BADLY HIT!
IS SHE — ?
YES! SHE DIED INSTANTLY! POOR GIRL!
TORCH REGARDS HIS FLAME — THEN HE MAKES A DISCOVERY!
THOSE PEARLS THAT WERE AROUND HER NECK! THEY'RE GONE!
YES, I NOTICED THAT, TOO!
MINUTES LATER, TORCH ARRIVES...
HEY, TORCH! DR. HORTON IS HERE AT THE HOUSE WITH HIS NIECE! HE'S WAITING FOR YOU!
WHAT? SHE'S JUST BEEN KILLED!
YOU MEAN SHE'S HERE? THIS UNDERSCORES THAT SHE CAN'T DIE! I JUST LEFT HER AT OUR HOUSE!
THIS THING IS GETTING ALL BALLED UP — I'LL CALL THE KOBLE—THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
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THE MOBILE WAGON ARRIVES...
ALL RIGHT, KID! LET'S GO! IS THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE?
NO – I'M SERIOUS, TORCH!
LATER – AT TORCH'S HOME...
I STILL DON'T BELIEVE YOU, TORCH!
SEE FOR YOURSELF, MISS! YOU'LL BE SURPRISED!
I AM SURPRISED! YOU WERE JUST KILLED FIVE MINUTES AGO!
HOW RIDICULOUS! SHE WAS WITH ME ALL THE WHILE!
YOU MUST BE THINKING OF SOMEONE ELSE!
IMPOSSIBLE – YOU'RE THE SAME, EVEN TO THAT STRING OF PEARLS – MACHINE-GUNNED RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES! COBURN SAW IT, TOO!
RIDICULOUS! LET'S HEAR NO MORE ABOUT IT!
WAY-ER... YES...
FORGET THE WHOLE MATTER, TORCH! I WANT YOU TO ACCOMPANY MY NIECE TO WASHINGTON ON THE TRAIN – MR. COBURN AND I WILL FOLLOW LATER BY PLANE –
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER, TORCH!
I WILL!
GOODBYE, UNCLE!
SEE! NO GOODBYE KISSES!

#5 THE WASHINGTON EXPRESS SPEEDS THROUGH A TUNNEL ... IT STARTS TO CROSS A BRIDGE, BUT ---
OH-HOH!
HELP!
BARELY CONSCIOUS, TORCH, IN THE MIDST OF THE WRECKAGE, HEARS A CRY ---
HELP!
SHE'S BEING KIDNAPPED!
TORCH BURSTS INTO FLAME!
THAT WRECK MUST HAVE BEEN PLANNED!
THEY DERAILED THE TRAIN ON PURPOSE! THEY WANT DORIS --- THAT PEARL NECKLACE! HMM! --- NOTHING FOR THAT PARIAH!

TAKING HER INSIDE— TO BETTER NOT ATTACK THEM NOW — MIGHT ENDANGER HER LIFE! DR. HORTON OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS!
TORCH SPEEDS TO THE NEAREST TOWN...
YES, DR. HORTON— THERE WAS A TRAIN WRECK— GIRL'S WAS ABDUCTED BY SOME MEN — GOT HER AT THEIR HIDE-OUT! I WANT YOU AND TORCH TO COME AT ONCE!
DO THEY GET THE PEARLS?
PEARLS? I DON'T KNOW — IS THAT WHAT THEY'RE AFTER?
I CAN'T EXPLAIN —"WELL FLY DOWN AT ONCE WITH SUB-COLUMN!
MUCH LATER... IN A HOTEL ROOM...
TORCH, YOU MUST GET DORIS AND THE PEARLS AWAY FROM THAT GANG!
I WILL! — I NEED YOUR HELP, TORCH!
The FLAMING DUO HEAD FOR THE FARM HOUSE AT ONCE...
I'M STILL IN A FOG ON THIS WHOLE THING!
SAME HERE! THIS IS THE FIRST CASE I'M ON AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
THEY COME TO EARTH...
THIS IS IT! THEY MUST BE INSIDE WITH THE GIRL!
HEAR THAT? — CAME FROM THE BASEMENT!
HELP!
THEY'RE GOING TO TORTURE HER!
NOT IF WE FLAME AND TORTURE THEM FIRST!
THE PEARLS! WHERE ARE THEY?
I DON'T TELL!

BET I GET IN FIRST!
YOUR ON!
THE HUMAN TORCH!
ARE YOU PAGING ME, LUG?
MY-MY! LOOKS LIKE WE'VE FRIGHTENED THEM!
TRY BLOWING THIS OUT — GRAPE HEAD!
OWW!
HERE'S SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT, HOT PANTS!
YEOW!
STOP! — OR I'LL BLOW HER BRAINS OUT!
WHAT NOW?
WE'D BETTER DO AS HE SAYS!
THAT'S IT, TORCH! SMARTEN UP!
COME ON, TORCH! WE'D BETTER SCRAM!
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, FIREMAN!
THAT'S IT! BEAT IT! QUIETLY!

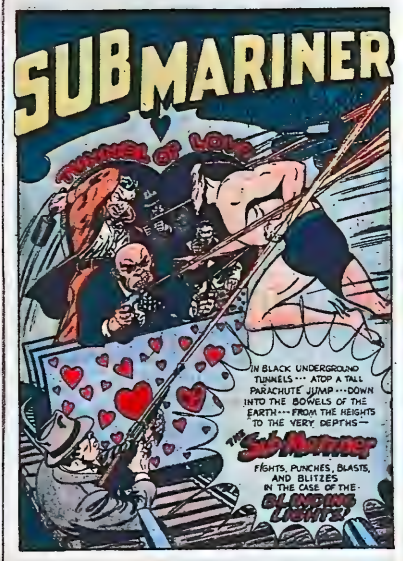
WE'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE DORS WITH THOSE RATS!
CERTAINLY NOT -- REMEMBER THE INDIANS USED FLAMING ARROWS AGAINST THE SETTLERS OF THE WEST!
FFAAH
YEAH - GO WHAT?
SO WE'LL DO THE SAME TO THESE SKUNKS HERE IN THE EAST - SMOKE 'EM OUT!
THE BARRAGE OF FLAMING ARROWS SETS THE HOUSE ON FIRE!
SHE'S BURNING NOW - SEE THAT SIGN DOWN THERE? DOUSE YOUR HANDS FLAMES AND GRAB ONE END!
FULL OF PRANKS, AREN'T YOU?
INSIDE...
THAT DRATTED FIERY FUMIGATOR! WAIT'LL I GET HIM OUTSIDE!
YOU MEAN, WAIT'LL HE GETS YOU!
THE GANG EMERGES, USING DORS AS A SHIELD...
WHERE ARE THOSE FUMING FURNACES!
TAKE A GUESS, PEST!
SUDDENLY TORCH AND TORO ZOOM DOWN, ABLAZE!
YOO-HOO EGG-HEAD! HERE WE ARE!
THAT'S IT, TORO! DROP THE BOMB BETWEEN THEM AND THE GIRL!
THE ROPE DROPS BEFORE THE MEN -- THEN...
UP, TORO!
RIGHT!

THE FLAME MASTERS, REVERSE AND SPILL THEIR LOAD!
HAW! WHAT A WAY TO GET A MUD-PACK! EH, BOYS?
DOUSING THEIR FLAMES, THE DUO COME DOWN...
YOU TAKE OVER THOSE MEN AND MARCH THEM INTO TOWN! I'M TAKING DORIS BACK TO HER UNCLE!
GEE! YOU HAVE ALL THE PLEASURE!..
--OH, WELL...
AFTER TORCH LEAVES WITH DORIS--
HAH!-- JUST LIKE PIOS -- HEY! WHERE'S THA OTHER GUY?
YA LITTLE BRAT!
OTHEN...
HERE I AM! YOU MATCH-UN-MY-SHOE!
MEANWHILE -- BACK IN THE HOTEL...
WHERE SHE IS, DR. NORTON!
THE PEARLS-- DO THEY GET THEM?
NO, UNCLE!
WHERE ARE THEY?
I MANAGED TO HIDE THEM IN THE HEM OF MY SKIRT!
LET ME HAVE THEM, DEAR!
PEARLS -- SAY, COBURN -- WHAT'S THAT?
HUH?
ANOTHER STRING TAKEN FROM THE DEAD GIRL -- EH, COBURN?
ER-- YES--
9

WHAT'S THE GAIST IT WAS YOU WHO RELIEVED THE DEAD GIRL OF THESE PEARLS!
SURE! I HAD TO-- I THOUGHT THEY WERE THE REAL ONES-- EXPLAIN DR. MORTON!
YES, TORCH-- COBURN DID THE WORST THING -- IT WAS HIS DUTY TO PROTECT THE PEARLS, EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE FAKE! FAKE ONES THAT WERE SUPPOSED TO BE GUARDED!
HOWEVER, SEEING THAT YOU WON'T LET ME IN ANYTHING...I WON'T ASK ANY MORE QUESTIONS--HEY! TORCH'S PRETTY LATE COMING IN WITH THAT GANG!
MAYBE I SHOULD BETTER GO BACK AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!
TORCH FLAMES AND ROARS OUT THE WINDOW!
SEE YOU LATER!
I DON'T LIKE THE WAY COBURN ACTED BACK THERE! WE'LL BEAR A BIT OF WATCHING!
LATER...
FUNNY THE COUNTY FIRE DEPARTMENT HASN'T COME! --WHAT'S GOING ON?
HOW IN..? THEY'RE GOING TO BURY TORO ALIVE IN THAT MUD BANK!
PACK HIM IN GOOD!
YUP! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO FLAME IN THIS MUCK!
TORCH FLAMES DOWN OVER THE UNSUSPECTING MEN AND HURLS FORTH A BLAST OF HOT AIR...
DROP THOSE SHOVELS, YOU GHOULS!
THE BLAST OF HOT AIR REVIVES TORCH AND THE MEN RUN LIKE FRIGHTENED ANIMALS...
OOOH, SLEEPY HEAD! GET OUT OF THAT MUD BED AND HELP ME ROUND UP THESE CATTLE!
WOW! WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

BUT—
STOP!
LOOKS LIKE THE SHERIFF!
WE CAME TO INVESTIGATE A FIRE AND WE CATCH THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO CHASING A BUNCH OF CUT-THROATS!
JUST IN TIME, SHERIFF! BLAME THOSE BUMS IN YOUR CAR AND WE'LL TAKE 'EM IN!
AS THEY COME BACK TOWN—
HEY! THERE'S A DETAIL OF SOLDIERS AND JACK MILLER OF THE F.B.I. AT THE HOTEL—I WONDER WHAT'S UP, NOW!
HEY! TORCH! BRING THOSE STRANGE OWLS HERE!
HERE THEY ARE—SINCE WHEN HAS THE F.B.I. TAKEN OVER THIS CASE?
THESE BLOKES ARE WANTED ON A FEDERAL WARRANT! DR. HORTON CALLED—
LEAVING MILLER, TORCH AND TORO ENTER THE HOTEL...
I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO IN FLAMING THUNDER THIS IS ALL ABOUT, OR I'M NOT THE HUMAN TORCH!
SAY—THAT NOISE! UPSTAIRS!
COBURN—HE HAS THE OTHER SET OF PEARLS!
FIRST—THE GAL DIES—THEN SHE'S ALIVE! AND NOW COBURN STEALING PEARLS! HE'S SUPPOSED "TO BE PROTECTING"—WHAT A DIZZY PLOT THIS IS!
THE TORCH!
RIGHT—THE FIRST GUESS!

The HUMAN TORCH UNLEASHES A FIRE-BALL!
DROP THAT GUN!
YEOW!
I'LL KICK YOUR TEETH DOWN YOUR THROAT!
OH, LITTLE MAN WANTS TO KICK THE GONG, EH?
MIND IF I GRAB YOUR LEG?
EEE-YEOWW! LEGGO! I'M BURNING UP!
TORCH UNPACKS A WALLOP!
UGHH!
I'LL SAY YOU ARE BURNING UP!
COBURN IS SUBDUED!
I'LL TAKE THESE, COBURN! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WERE A PART OF THE SCHEME TO GET THE PEARLS!
THIS PAPER INSIDE THE LARGE PEARL, A PAPER WITH A LIST OF ALL THE SPIES OPERATING IN AMERICA, WAS SMUGGLED OUT OF BERLIN! MY NIECE BROUGHT IT BACK FROM SWEDEN!
BUT, WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER GIRL?
YES! — LOOK! HIS NAME HEADS THE LIST!
WHEW! THE PEARLS OF WISDOM!
UNFORTUNATELY, SHE DIED — DOING HER DUTY — WE COULDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES AND SHE SUBSTITUTED FOR DORIS — COBURN DIDN'T KNOW THAT!
SO IT WAS COBURN WHO ENGINEERED THE WHOLE PLOT?
WHAT'S COOKIN'?
HUMAN TORCH
IS COOKING UP A NEW ADVENTURE NOW FOR
The HUMAN TORCH QUARTERLY
DON'T MISS IT!


SUB MARINER
TUNNEL OF LOVE
IN BLACK UNDERGROUND TUNNELS··· ATOP A TALL PARACHUTE JUMP···DOWN INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH···FROM THE HEIGHTS TO THE VERY DEPTHS—
THE SUB-MARINER
FIGHTS, PUNCHES, BLASTS, AND BLITZES IN THE CASE OF THE-
BLINDING LIGHTS!

IN NONDESCRIPT CLOTHES, THE FAMOUS SUB-MARINER WALKS IN AN OCEAN-FRONT AMUSEMENT PARK.
CROAKING CROCODILES! THERE'S TOO MUCH NOISE AND TOO LITTLE ACTION AROUND THIS PLACE!
THE AIR RAID SIREN!
TAKE SHELTER-QUICK!
SIZZLING SNAKES! A BLACKOUT!
TWO MINUTES LATER---
I CAN'T SEE A TH'— HEY! WHAT'S THE LIGHT DOING ON?
THAT LIGHT'S COMING FROM THE TOP OF THE PARACHUTE JUMP- AND I'M GONNA INVESTIGATE!
FREAK SHOW
PARACHUTE
MEANWHILE, IN THE TOWER OF THE "PARACHUTE JUMP", VON GOOBER A DANGEROUS FIFTH-COLUMNIST DIRECTS HIS MEN.
STRING UP DER REST OV DER LIGHTS, QUVICK!
JA, VON GOOBER! DESE ARE GOOT BATTERIES!
HURRY! IN CHUST TEN MINUTES DER FEUHRER'S BOMBERS VILL ATTACK!
3

THE SPIES ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE ...
GOOT! NOW VE CAN GED BACK TO OUR PRIVATE AIR RAID SHELTER! HA-HA!
HEIL HITLER!
... WHEN THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER UNEXPECTEDLY APPEARS.
PEPPERY PERCH! I HAD TO CLIMB ALL THE WAY UP HERE TO FIND NAZIS!
DER SUB-MARINER!
YEAH! TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT MY FACE BEFORE YOU SEE MY FISTS!
SO YA PUT THOSE LIGHTS ON TO REVEAL THE SHORE LINE TO SCHICKELGRUBER'S PLANES, EH?
IF NAZIS RUB SHOULDERS, WHY DON'T THEY RUB NOSES, TOO ??? !!!
YUYIYIYI!
I GOTTA DOUSE THOSE LIGHTS FAST!
I VILL DOUSE HIM!
DERE!
GALLOPING GUPPIES! THIS LOOKS B-BAD!

WITH A JOYFUL SHOUT, VON GOOSEN DASHES OVER TO THE EDGE OF THE PARACHUTE HARD!
DER FEUHRER WILL GIFF YOU DER IRON CROSS!
JA! JA! DEATH TO DER SUB-MARINER, AT LAST!
BELIEVING SUB-MARINER DEAD, THE NAZIS HASTEN FROM THEIR DANGEROUS POSITION
DER PLANES WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW!
YE MUST RUSH TO DER AIR RAID SHELTER!
MEIN GOTT! IT IST TOO DARK!
BUT--- LET'S SEE WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO SHARK--- AS HE PLUMMETS DOWNWARD.
SHARK! DO THESE MEAN LIGHTS OUT FOR ME???
YOWEEE! I CAUGHT THE TIP OF THE PARACHUTE!!! AT LEAST I'LL SET DOWN LIGHTLY NOW!
HALF A MINUTE LATER--
TO BETTER SEE RID OF THESE FAST!
I HEAR FOOTSTEPS, ON THE PAVEMENT. I MUST BE THOSE NAZIS, TRYING TO TAKE SHELTER!
HE SWIFTLY FOLLOWS.
NO ONE CAN GET AWAY WITH INKPOOL! I'LL SET A CROOKED CRAWFISH ON THEM!
WHAT THE DEVILISH! THE TUNNEL OF LOVE! I DIDN'T KNOW NAZI RAT'S WERE ROMANTIC!
4

WITHOUT REALIZING THAT THE SUB-MARINER IS NEAR, VON GOOBER BARKS OUT A COMMAND-
PUSH DER LEVER- UND CHUMP ON. QVICK!
I HAF PUSHED IT!
AND I'M GONNA PUSH YOUR FACE IN, SNAKE!
THE CARS PICK UP SPEED!
DER SUB-MARINER- ALIVE!
YEAH! BUT YOU WON'T BE IF I GET MY HANDS ON YOU!
SUB-MARINER'S CAR STOPS SUDDENLY AND HE HOPS OUT, ONLY TO FIND---
THEY DISAPPEARED! WELL, I'LL BE A SON OF A SEA HAWK! THEY MUST BE SOMEWHERE!
AS HE PUSHES OUT OF THE TUNNEL...
IT'S TOO DARK TO FIND THEM NOW— BUT IF I EVER— STINGING STARFISH! ENEMY PLANES!
SURE ENOUGH! NAZI PLANES ZOOM OVER THE AMUSEMENT PARK DROPPING A DEADLY CARGO OF DOOM!
CRASH!
HOT

WE IMMEDIATELY RACE TO THE RENDEZVOUS.
THOSE PLANES WERE DIRECTLY IN THE WAY AND THEIR LIGHTS! WELL, I'M NOT THROUGH YET!
IF THE BOMBERS HAVE A MOTHERSHIP OUT HERE--I'M GONNA FIND IT!
SWIFTY STROKES AND SHARP EYES SOON BRING SUB-HUNTERS TO--
A PLANE-CARRYING SUBMARINE!
STEALTHILY WAITING ON THE SURFACE, THE NAZI SUB STANDS, LIGHTS SMOUDGED... DARKNESS THE APPROACH OF THE MIGHTY MAN OF WATER!
READY TO GO, IT STATIONS, WHEN OUR BOMBERS WILL BE BACK SOON! OUR LIGHTS SURELY HELPED US, JA!
JA! JA! SIR! IT WAS A FINE RAID!
THE RADIO JUST BEGINNING ON YOU!
THE SURPRISED SAILORS TURN TO FACE A BALL OF LEARNING FURY!
YOU! VY--
NO WHYS-- JUST BUTTS!
I DON'T NEED A CHOPPER TO MAKE MASHED MACKEREL OUT OF YOU BUMS!
POW
OOOer
I WILL KILL HIM WIT DIS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNT JA!
AAAAAH! DER TRIGGER!

AS IF BRAKED BY SOME SIXTH SENSE, SUB-MARINER WHEELS AROUND—
Y-I-Y-I-Y-I!!! MY HANDS!
I KNEW I SHOULDN'T TURN MY BACK FOR A MINUTE - WITH NAZIS AROUND!
WITHOUT WASTING A SECOND, HE PLUNGES THE BADLY-BEATEN INTRUDER INTO THE OPEN HATCH!
GET BACK INTO YOUR PIT, SNAKES!
...AND CLIMBS IN HIMSELF!
I'M GONNA COOK 'EM IN THE TORPEDO TUBES AND SMASH THE LIGHTS ON BEFORE THE PLANES COME BACK!
CRYMINY, CATS'PAW! I HEAR THE PLANES! WELL, THIS SAVES ME FROM SUMMONING A HOT SURPRISE!
AFTER LOCKING THE HATCH, HE DRIVES ALONG THE DECK!
THEY'VE DROPPED THEIR BOMB-LOAD AND ARE CIRCLING FOR A LANDING! JUST WHAT I WANT!
RE-ARMS THE PLANE-RETURN MECHANISM AND THE PILOTS BEGIN TO LAND!
THEY'RE FALLING FOR IT HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER!
IS IT GOOT TO BE BACK? BUT WHERE IS DER SUBMARINE CREW???
...SOON—
WE MUST SUBMERGE, QUICKLY! JA!
LOOK! DER HATCH! OPEN!

WITH BREATHLESS SUDDENNESS SUB-MARINER CRASHES INTO THE NAZI PILOTS.
OH SAVOR HASS GONE CRAZY!
JUST CRAZY ENOUGH TO WANT TO KILL EVERY NAZI I SEE!
UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THE LIGHTS ON THIS SUB WILL ATTRACT AN AMERICAN SHIP IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!
A SHORT TIME LATER, A NITPOL BOAT PULLS ALONGSIDE.
SURRENDER!— OR WE'LL BLOW YOU NAZIS TO KINGDOM COME!
JUST A MINUTE!
YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE, CAPTAIN. THEY'RE ALREADY SURRENDERED!
WOW! THE SUB-MARINER!
A MINUTE PASSES.... THEN—
SLOANE, CHUMS! I GOTTA DATE WITH THE "TUNNEL OF LOVE"!
WELL... SEE YA!
NOW I'M GONNA GET THE HORN AND START ALL THIS.
ONE THING I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT— WHY DID THOSE SPIES SIGNAL PLANES TO COME OVER AND BOMB THE VERY PLACE WHERE THEY REMAINED???
4

DARE-ROOTED, EVEN IN THE BLACKOUT, HE SPEEDS BACK TO THE EMBANKMENT WALL...
I GOTTA TAKE ANOTHER LOOK-SEE INTO THAT "TUNNEL OF LOVE" BEFORE THE "ALL CLEAR" SOUNDS!
HERE WE ARE! WHAT HM—? A CROWBAR! MMM! I SURE CAN USE IT!
IF I HAVE TO TEAR UP EVERY INCH OF THIS TRACK, I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHERE THE SPIES "TUNNEL OF LOVE" CAR DISAPPEARED TO!
MINUTES LATER, HE MAKES AN AMAZING DISCOVERY!
THEY WENT DOWN HERE—
WHILE THE REGULAR TRACK RAISED AUTOMATICALLY! WHAT A SET-UP! NOW, WATCH ME SET 'EM DOWN—HARD!
MEANWHILE, IN THE HIDE-OUT UNDER THE "TUNNEL OF LOVE"...
YOU ARE TOO SMART FOR DER AMERICAN FOOLS, VON DOOBER!
NO ONE VOULD EFER FIND US HERE!
JA!
DIS PLACE, IS SAFE, EFEN AGAINST OUR OWN BOMBERS! HA-HA-HA!
9

NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT US OF TRYING TO BRING DOWNS ON OUR OWN HEADS!
MEIN!
YOU ARE CLEVER VON GOOSER!
DER BOMBING WILL GET A LOT OF PUBLICITY, UND WILL BOOSTER DIS'S MORALE. JA!
VE CAN LEAVE NOW-- I HEAR DER "ALL CLEAR" SIGNAL..
WHI
THE PRISONERS DEPOT OF THE "ALL CLEAR" PERSONNEL TYPE END OF THE BLACKOUT!!
BUT JUST THEN.....
I HEAR THEM DRIVING THAT DOOR!
GOING SOMEWHERE-- HITLER HERRINGS???
OWWW!
HOW DID HE FIND US???
CRASH
THIS AIR RAID SHELTER IS NOT A SHELTER FROM ME!
OOOOH
YOU SHIVELLING SNEAKS! I'LL SMASH YOU FLAT AS FLOUNDERS!
I WILL BRAIN HIM!

THE SNEAKY RAT RAISES THE HEAVY CHAIR...
NOW!
UP YOU GO... THEN, DOWN!
BUT SUB-MARINER IS TOO QUICK FOR HIM!
SAWED-OFF SWORDFISH! WHAT'S THIS?
ACH! DER VIRGINS HOWL!
I'D BETTER GET OUT ANGLE MY MEN KEEP HIM BUSY!
SO THE CHIEF RAT IS TRYING TO DESERT THE SINKING SHIP, EH?
IF I CAN ONLY GET INTO DER SECRET PASSAGE!
ONCE I LOCK DIS, HE CAN NEVER GET ME!
BOUNCING BASS! HE MUSTN'T GET AWAY!
WITHOUT BREATHING HIS SPACE, SUB-MARINER CRASHES THROUGH...
NOW I GET...!! HE'S HEADING FOR THE OCEAN!
THE DESPERATE SPY CASTS OFF A SMALL MOTOR BOAT.
YOU??? YOU??? NO! JUST A FLYING FISH!

THIS'LL GET YOU TO THAT STEERING-WHEEL FASTER!
SPLAT!
NO USE TALKING! I JUST CAN'T STOMACH NAZIS!
OOF!
SOON--
ENOUGH! I GIVE UP! I GIVE UP!
THAT'S THE FIRST SENSIBLE THING YOU'VE SAID SINCE YOU BECAME A NAZI!
NOW I'M GONNA TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE-- OVER TO A CERTAIN COAST GUARD PATROL-BOAT!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER----
LOOK, CAPTAIN--IT'S THAT SUB-MARINER FELLER AGAIN, AND HE'S GOT SOMEONE WITH HIM!
HI, CHUMS!
HE'S THE GUY WHO'S GANG STRUNG UP THE LIGHTS THAT GUIDED THE BOMBERS IN THE BLACKOUT!
GREAT WORK! BUT HOW ABOUT THE OTHERS?
OH--THE REST OF THE FIFTH-COLUMNISTS ARE IN THE "TUNNEL OF LOVE," MAKING GOO-GOO EYES AT EACH OTHER!
SO-- IT'S "LIGHTS OUT" FOR THE HITLERITES!
THERE'S MORE OF THIS KIND OF THING TO DO.
MATCH! Sub-Mariner TAKES ANOTHER DIVE AT OUR ENEMIES IN MARVEL COMICS THE COMIC FEATURE BOOK AT ITS BEST. 100 PAGES!

JIMMY JUPITER
AND THE MAGIC GLASSES
AFTER LEAVING THE CASTLE OF ZAR, THE WICKED WIZARD, JIMMY AND KNOBBY THE MARIONETTE, ARE NOT SURE WHICH IS THE CORRECT ROUTE TO THE CASTLE OF RA, THE GOOD KING OF THE FAIRIES. RA HAS PROMISED TO TEACH JIMMY THE SECRETS OF FAIRYLAND
ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T KNOW THE RIGHT WAY, KNOBBY?
YES. ALL WE CAN DO IS ASK THE FIRST PERSON WE MEET.

AH, THERE'S SOMEONE WE CAN ASK!
WHY THAT'S ONLY AN OLD TORTOISE. HE WOULDN'T KNOW! AND IF HE DID, HE COULDN'T TALK TO TELL US!
DON'T FORGET, JIMMY- THIS IS FAIRYLAND. ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN HERE! C'MON, WE'LL ASK HIM.
O.K.
HELLO TORTOISE! MY NAME IS KNOBBY. WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE WAY TO THE CASTLE OF RA, THE KING.
HOW DO YOU DO, MR. TORTOISE?
GR-RUM! PFF!
WHAT A RIDICULOUS PLACE TO GO. IT'S HIGH ON A MOUNTAIN AND NOT A NICE, MUDDY RIVER WITHIN MILES. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY YOU SHOULD WANT TO GO THERE.
HOWEVER, I'LL TELL YOU. IT'S ABOUT A FIFTY-YEAR JOURNEY, IN THAT DIRECTION!
GEE WHIZ! A FIFTY-YEAR JOURNEY! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT.
DON'T FORGET, JIMMY. THAT LENGTH OF TIME TO A TORTOISE MIGHT BE ONLY A FEW DAYS TO US.
OH! THAT'S RIGHT!
OH, LOOK! A RIVER! NOW ARE WE GOING TO CROSS THAT?
TEARIN' TERMITES!

NOW, WHAT DO WE DO?
PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU BOYS? HEH-HEH-HEH!
GEE WHIZ! A CROCODILE!
I'LL TAKE YOU BOYS CROSS THE RIVER, IF YOU LIKE!
SURE! THAT'S GREAT!
I HOPE WE DON'T FALL IN!
HERE WE GO!
THEN— WHEN THEY ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER---
HAH! NOW I'VE GOT YOU OUT HERE, I'M GOING TO EAT YOU!
GULP
GULP
WAIT, MR. CROC! IF YOU EAT US ALL AT ONCE, YOU'LL GET INDIGESTION. WHY DON'T YOU EAT US A PIECE AT A TIME?
EXCELLENT, MY BOY! YES, AN EXCELLENT IDEA!
QUICKLY TURNING TO KNOBBY, JIMMY HAS HIM UNFASTEN ONE OF HIS WOODEN LEGS.
HERE'S THE FIRST PIECE, MR. CROC. OPEN YOUR MOUTH!
AH!
HERE!
GRROW!
NOW, YOU OLD CROC! YOU TAKE US ASHORE OR I WON'T TAKE THAT OUT AND YOU'LL STARVE TO DEATH!
!?

SAFELY ON THE OTHER SIDE, JIMMY AND KNOBBY SET OFF ONCE MORE, IN THE DIRECTION OF THE KING'S CASTLE.
COME ON, KNOBBY!
WAIT TILL I GET THIS NUT TIGHTENED!
GR-R-R-R- CURSES - ON, CURSES! WHY AM I SO DUMB
LOOK! SMOKE!
LET'S GO SEE WHAT IT IS
APPROACHING, THE FRIENDS SEE THREE WITCHES!
OH!
OH!
WHAT IS IT, MELISSA? WHAT DO YOU SEE?
GIVE US OUR GLASSES SO WE CAN SEE, TOO
THE THREE WITCHES PASS THE GLASSES FROM ONE TO THE OTHER
GEE WHIZ! THEY'VE ONLY ONE PAIR OF GLASSES AMONG THEM!
AND THEY CAN'T SEE ANYTHING WITHOUT THEM!
COME IN, CHILDREN! COME IN, AND VISIT US..
WHERE ARE YOU BOUND?
WE'RE GOING TO THE CASTLE OF RA, THE KING!
RA? AHA! SO, THEN HE IS A FRIEND OF YOURS.
GOOD! WE WILL KEEP YOU HERE UNTIL HE SENDS US A RANSOM OF TWO MORE PAIR OF GLASSES.
AND THE THREE WITCHES CAST A SPELL ON JIMMY AND KNOBBY - IMPRISONING THEM!

WELL, I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULDN'T ALL HAVE GLASSES. IF YOU LET US GO, I WILL ASK RA TO SEND THEM TO YOU.
OH, NO, JIMMY, THEY'RE EVIL! IF THEY ALL HAD GLASSES THEY WOULD BE VERY POWERFUL AND OVER-THROW RA!
WHOEVER GOES TO RA WILL HAVE TO TAKE THE GLASSES. THEREFORE, I WILL GO!
WHAT? AND LEAVE ME HERE BLIND? NO-I WILL GO!
YOU ARE BOTH WRONG-I WILL GO!
WHY DON'T YOU DRAW STRAWS? SHORT STRAW GOES.
VERY WELL. THAT'S FAIR.
JIMMY PREPARES THE STRAWS, AND...
YOU FIRST, MINERVA!
THERE!
NOW GIVE ME THE GLASSES, SO I CAN SEE TO DRAW!
HERE. ARE THE GLASSES. WHERE ARE YOU?
HERE. WHERE ARE YOU?
NOW! YOU OLD WITCHES-I HAVE YOUR GLASSES-AND YOU'LL NOT GET THEM BACK UNTIL YOU LET US GO!

OH, PLEASE LITTLE BOY, GIVE US OUR GLASSES WITHOUT THEM WE ARE BLIND
NOT UNTIL YOU REMOVE THE SPELL!
VERY WELL, WE WILL REMOVE THE SPELL, BUT WE CANNOT DO IT UNTIL YOU GIVE US THE GLASSES!
THAT'S RIGHT!
HOW DO I KNOW YOU'LL DO AS YOU SAY? YOU HAVE THE GLASSES?
WE PROMISE!
DON'T BELIEVE THEM, JIMMY!
HURRY! HURRY!
AHA- I'VE GOT IT! I KNEW I'D THINK OF SOMETHING
IF YOU CAN'T REMOVE THE SPELL WITHOUT THE GLASSES, THEN THE POWER MUST BE IN THEM. IF IT IS, I CAN DO IT MYSELF, 'CAUSE I'VE GOT THE GLASSES.
CURSES! CURSES!
THAT'S RIGHT, JIMMY!
I DEMAND THAT THE SPELL BE REMOVED!
WILL IT WORK? WILL THE SPELL GO?

IT DOES! THERE IS A PART OF SHAZAM AND THE BOY ARE NO LONGER HELD WITHIN THE MAGIC CIRCLE!
HOORAY! IT WORKED!
YIPPEE!
NOW YOU CAN HAVE YOUR GLASSES BACK!
GOOD! GOOD!
NO, JIMMY! WAIT!
IF YOU GIVE THEM BACK THEY WILL ONLY USE THEM FOR MORE EVIL!
THAT'S TRUE!
WELL... I'LL KEEP THESE GLASSES, BUT WHEN I SEE THE KING, I WILL HAVE HIM SEND YOU THREE IMPS WITH NO EVIL POWER.
GARA!
NO SO, JIMMY AND ROSEN CONTINUE ON THEIR JOURNEY.
IT CAN'T BE MUCH FURTHER, NOW!
MAYBE WHEN WE GET UP THIS HILL WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE IT!
...AND, SURE ENOUGH!—AT THE TOP OF THE HILL...
HOORAY!
THERE IT IS!
BUT THE TWO FRIENDS ARE NOT THERE YET. NEXT MONTH THEY SEE MORE OF THE AMAZING THINGS FAIRYLAND HAS IN STORE FOR ALL"
IN
MARVEL COMICS

JANE HAD TO GET ROUGH

By Faith Moorland

IT WAS SURE DEATH to all of them if the baby cried aloud. "Keep that kid quiet," said Peters in a hoarse whisper.

"I'm doing the best I can," replied his wife, trying to hush the little one that was sobbing and moaning in her lap. The wind drove the rain against the side of the car and made it rock to and fro.

"Mary," said Jane Peters to the young girl crouching beside her in the freight, "take the bottle and hold it between you and a crack and when it lightens, drop ten drops into the spoon."

Mary took the bottle and at each flash of lightning dropped a drop of paregoric into the spoon and when she had put in ten drops they gave it to the baby. That meant 20 drops; it was dangerous, but it had to be done.

"I suppose we mustn't strike a light," said the girl.

Fred Peters snorted. "You bet you can't strike a light unless you're ready to give up your scalp," he replied without taking his eyes from the crack through which he was peering for the first signs of the murdering Sioux. A Pawnee scout had warned the express company executive that the Sioux were on the loose and there had been just time enough to crawl into a freight car drawn up on a siding above the railroad station.

The station agent, Joe Regan, was still on the job, refusing to leave his post. Fred Peters knew his pal was sitting there just a few yards away in the little room that served as ticket office, telegraph office and sleeping compartment. It was hard to keep quiet there in the car while Joe faced the Sioux alone but there was his wife and baby and his wife's friend, that helpless school teacher from Boston, who had been boarding with them and he felt it his duty to protect them as best he could. Regan had understood this and told him to go.

"I'll hold them off as long as I can," he had said, "and help may get through from Ogallala." He had already wired for help, but Ogallala was seventy-five miles away.

The rain came in great sheets and with such force that it seemed the car could hardly hold the rail. It was just a common red stock car with a few scrabble of straw on the floor, re-routed from the main line just a few days before.

Occasionally, Peters turned to glance at the two women, who were crouching in one end, and when the lightning lit up their faces they were fearful to behold. Now the rain, cold as sleet, came through the cracks in the car and stung like a thousand hornets as it struck their skin. Jane Peters had seen three winters in Wyoming, but the school teacher was, in every sense, a tenderfoot and the experiences of the night had brought her to the verge of insanity.

"HERE THEY ARE," whispered Peters. The women put their eyes to a crack and when a flash came they could see a ring of feathered heads that formed a half-circle around his house. Half the band dismounted and made a rush for the cottage. The door was broken down and the red devils swarmed in.

One of them took a newspaper and lighted it at the open fireplace making a torch which they used to hunt for the occupants. The little party in the stock car could see the Sioux running, half crouching, from room to room. Finding the place deserted and smarting under their disappointment, the Indians set fire to Peters' home and by the light of it started to loot the railroad station which stood less than a hundred yards away.

Joe Regan was waiting for them and as the Indians approached he opened fire. At the very first shot the leader of the murderous gang leaped high into the air, came down on his feet, leaped up again and finally fell in a heap to rise no more. With a deafening yell, the angry band made a rush for the door and began to beat upon it with tomahawks, clubs and guns.

Having emptied his rifle, the agent now took up a pair of 45 caliber revolvers and the lead fairly rattled against the door. No less than half-a-dozen hair lifters sank to the ground, causing the besiegers to fall back. From a distance they began to pour lead into the building but Regan, crouching behind the little iron safe, was still unhurt. An Indian brought a torch from the burning cottage and attempted to fire the station, but the rain and wind put out the fire.

Two or three Sioux, noticing a string of cars upon the siding, began to search for stock or edible freight. From car to car they ran, thrusting their rifles into the straw. "Uh," said an old buck, as his rifle found something soft in one of the cars and Fred Peters gritted his teeth in pain as the rifle crashed in a rib.

Laying hold of the side of the car door and now as it opened, he

throat his hideous face made. Peters could have blown off the top of his head but he knew that the fire would be to attract a dozen redskins, against whom he could not hope to hold out long. The woman scarcely breathed and lay limp, full of savagery, slept as though it had entered upon an final rest.

The other two Indians had given up the search among the empty cars and gone back to the station where the agent, having reloaded his weapons, kept the gang hopping and dancing on the station platform.

THE OLD SCOUT at the corner cocked his head and listened. Perhaps he thought he heard someone breathing for he put his hands on the sill and leaped into the car. He had scarcely straightened up when Peters' rifle fell across his head and he dropped without a sound. The young Boston school teacher opened her mouth to scream and Jane Peters landed a swift right to the jaw. The teacher flopped over beside the Indian.

The Scout never moved a finger. Quick examination showed Peters his man was broken and removing the warrior's gun and ammunition, he covered the dead body with straw.

Every attempt to fire the station having failed, the Indians were now preparing to storm the fort. Peters groaned for he knew Joe Regan was doomed; then suddenly he felt the car vibrate as though it were being rolled slowly along the rail. His first thought was that the Indians were pushing the empty cars down near the station and that they would set fire to the straw and then there would be no possible escape. Jane Peters thought so too, for she looked at her husband.

"You'll give us the lead before they get through?"

"Yep," he said and swallowed hard.

"And save a bullet for yourself," she added.

He nodded and daring to trust himself to speak. Then there was a roar and an instant later a great dark object blew in sight and rolled past their car. It was a locomotive drawing a dozen box cars and evidently without a headlight. As it got abreast of the station the box cars opened up and out spilled a company of government scouts, all Persons saving the officers. What followed was short and decisive and the Sioux fled leaving more than half their number on the station platform.

The conductor had ridden all the way on the locomotive and the moment the train stopped he leaped to the ground and ran through a shower of bullets to where the cottage had been. The sight of the house as ashes made him sick at heart, but there was still hope, they might have escaped to the station and facing about he fought his way through the shot riddled door. Joe Regan lay upon the floor in a pool of his own blood, but he was living.

"Where are they?" asked the conductor.

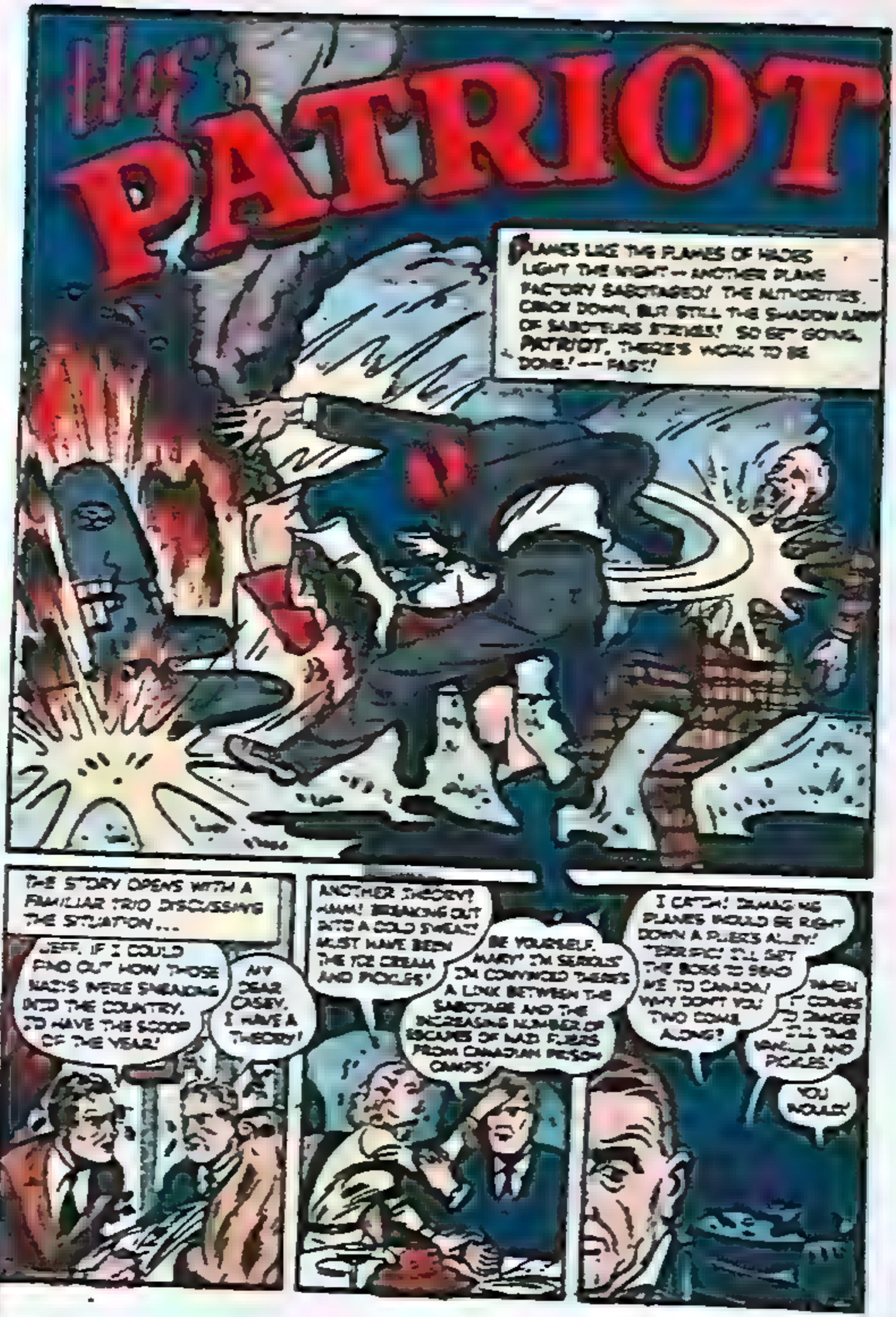
"Among the stock cars if they are still alive," was the faint whisper. "I saw them leaving the house . . . go get them . . . I'm all in." Then the conductor, placing the wounded man on a bed, made for the stock cars.

"Peters, where are you?" he called and Peters answered, only two cars away. The conductor had left his lantern and looked aboard. Jess and Fred Peters greeted him with a smile, but the school teacher was still out cold.

"Is she dead?" asked the conductor falling upon his knees and holding the light close to the girl's face.

"Dead? Hell, no," said Peters "She's just unconscious. She started to scream and Jane, here, had to get rough."

THE END


THE PATRIOT
FLAMES LIKE THE FLAMES OF HADES LIGHT THE NIGHT — ANOTHER PLANE FACTORY SABOTAGED! THE AUTHORITIES CRACK DOWN, BUT STILL THE SHADOW ARMY OF SABOTEURS STRIKES! SO GET GOING, PATRIOT, THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE! — FAST!!
THE STORY OPENS WITH A FAMILIAR TRIO DISCUSSING THE SITUATION...
JEFF, IF I COULD FIND OUT HOW THOSE NAZIS WERE SMUGGLING INTO THE COUNTRY, I'D HAVE THE SCOOP OF THE YEAR!
MY DEAR CASEY, I HAVE A THEORY!
ANOTHER THEORY? AAAH! BREAKING OUT INTO A COLD SWEAT! MUST HAVE BEEN THE ICE CREAM AND PICKLES!
BE YOURSELF, MARY! I'M SERIOUS! I'M CONVINCED THERE'S A LINK BETWEEN THE SABOTAGE AND THE INCREASING NUMBER OF ESCAPES OF NAZI FLIERS FROM CANADIAN PRISON CAMPS!
I CATCH! DEMAGGING PLANES WOULD BE RIGHT DOWN A FLIER'S ALLEY! TERRIFIC! I'LL GET THE BOSS TO SEND ME TO CANADA! WHY DON'T YOU TWO COME ALONG?
WHEN IT COMES TO DANGER — I'LL TAKE VANILLA AND PICKLES!
YOU NOVICE!

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO A CANADIAN PRISON CAMP ...
ANOTHER PRISONER FROM ENGLAND, SIR—LIEUTENANT KARL MUELLER!
THE FAMOUS NAZI ACE! BRING HIM IN!
HELLO, MUELLER! I WANT TO GIVE YOU SOME GOOD ADVICE. BE GOOD AND DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE!
KEEP YOUR ADVICE, HERR COMMANDANT! I TAKE MY ORDERS FROM THE FUEHRER!
BUT AS THE PRISONER IS LED OUT, HE EXCHANGES A WINK WITH THE COMMANDANT. MUELLER IS NONE OTHER THAN ---
TAKE HIM AWAY!
COME ALONG, RAT!
—JEFF, ALIAS THE PATRIOT!
NICE OF 'EM TO PLANT ME IN THE JUG THIS WAY! HERE'S HOPING IT WORKS!
HEIL HITLER!
AS JEFF IS LED INTO THE PRISON BARRACKS, HE OUT-HEILS GOEBBELS, HIMSELF!
NONE O' THAT AROUND HERE, LIEUTENANT KARL MUELLER! YOU AIN'T IN GERMANY!
YEOW!
CANADIAN SWINE! SOME DAY YOU WILL LICK MY BOOTS!
NERTS!
WELL DONE, LIEUTENANT!
JUST WHAT ONE WOULD EXPECT OF A DARING ACE LIKE KARL MUELLER! WHEN YOUR JAW STOPS ACHING WE'LL HAVE A TALK, JA?
JA WOHL!
2

LATER... IN THE PRISON CAMP YARD...
MY NAME IS HOPF. I MAKE IT MY BUSINESS TO HELP GOOD GERMANS ESCAPE— WHAT DO YOU SAY?
I LIVE ONLY FOR ONE THING — TO BE FREE TO STRIKE BACK AT THE ALLIED SCUM! QUICK! HOW DO I GET OUT? BRIBERY?
THE STUPID CANADIANS THINK SO. WE HAVE A BETTER WAY! HERE, HAVE A SMOKE?
A SMOKE? OH, I UNDERSTAND. HERR HOPF!
FURTIVELY, JEFF UNROLLS THE CIGARETTE ...
A MAP OF THE PRISON CAMP!, BUT—BUT IT'S ESCAPE PROOF!
LAKE
THAT TOO, IS WHAT THE STUPID CANADIANS THINK! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!
BREAK IT UP!
SUDDENLY, JEFF DISCOVERS THE CAMP HAS GUESTS ...
CASEY AND MARY! I'D BETTER BREEZE BEFORE THEY SPOT ME AND TIP MY HAND!
AND YOU HAVEN'T FOUND A SINGLE CLUE TO HOW THEY ESCAPED?
NO, BUT WE MAY SOON!
THAT NIGHT, OFF THE CANADIAN COAST, A PLANE IS CATAPULTED FROM THE DECK OF A U-BOAT!
THE PLANE ROARS UP TO THE STRATOSPHERE ...
THIRTY THOUSAND FEET! CUT THE MOTOR! A LONG GLIDE SHOULD TAKE US RIGHT OVER THE PRISON CAMP!
RIGHT! GET THE HELMET READY!
THEN, SILENT AS THE NIGHT, AS THE PLANE SOARS OVER THE PRISON CAMP LAKE, SOMETHING DROPS BY PARACHUTE!
WHILE A LONE WATCHER WAITS ...
THE DIVING HELMET! BUOYED BY CORK FOR MY CONVENIENCE! WHAT A PUSH-OVER! NO GUARDS ON THE SHORE! AFTER ALL, WHO'D SUSPECT AN ESCAPE UNDER WATER!

And so Jeff, alias Mueller, alias The Patriot, dives into the lake, while above him the Nazi plane zooms away!
IF I HAD SUB-MARINER'S LUNGS, I WOULDN'T NEED A HELMET! BUT THEN OLD FISH-PUSS HASN'T GOT MY BRAINS!
THE ONLY INSTRUCTION HOPF DIDN'T GIVE ME WAS WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU MEET AN OCTOPUS! -- GRAB HIS HANDS, ALL EIGHT OF 'EM! -- AND SAY "HEIL HIMMLER!"
NEAR THE BOTTOM! -- WHERE IS THAT HOLE? --AHH-HH!
THE ABANDONED SEWER PART LAID BEFORE THE GROUND SANK AND THE LAKE FORMED! NOW I SUPPOSE I FOLLOW MY NOSE!
DOESN'T THIS PIPE EVER END? HOPF MIGHT HAVE GIVEN ME A PAIR OF ROLLER SKATES!
BUT THE PIPE DOES END -- SOME DISTANCE OUTSIDE THE PRISON CAMP!
FIRST STATION REACHED IN THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD! SECOND STOP IS THE FARM OF A PRO-NAZI NAMED KRAUSS!
IF HE ASKS ME TO CHANGE MY CLOTHES, I'LL PLAY MODEST AND DO IT IN ANOTHER ROOM. I CAN'T LET HIM SEE THE PATRIOT'S GET-UP UNDERNEATH!
ONE MOMENT!
WHEN THE DOOR OPENS JEFF GIVES THE HIGH SIGN!
"V" FOR VICTORY UPSIDE DOWN!
JA! JA! COME IN! YOU WILL FIND DRY CLOTHES IN THE BEDROOM. PUT THEM ON WHILE I HEAT THE COFFEE!

Later...
THANKS FOR THE COFFEE AND DRY CLOTHES. NOW WHAT?
I AM PREPARING FAKE CREDENTIALS FOR YOU. YOU'LL NEED THEM TO ENTER THE U.S.
THE U.S.! IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO GO THERE! IF IT WERE IN MY POWER, I WOULD WIPE EVERY AMERICAN OFF THE MAP!
SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE NAZI! YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE, MY FRIEND! BE PATIENT!
YOUR PAPERS WILL SOON BE IN ORDER! BLAST IT, MY PIPE'S GONE OUT! NOW WHERE ARE THOSE MATCHES?
TRY THIS, HERR KRAUSS!
THANK YOU! HMMMMM— WATERPROOF EH?
WE NAZIS ARE PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES! HA-HA!
PREPARE FOR DEATH, THEN, UNLESS YOU CAN EXPLAIN HOW YOU CAME TO OWN AN AMERICAN-MADE CIGARETTE-LIGHTER!
HIS RUSE REVEALED, THE PATRIOT GOES INTO ACTION!
SORRY, BUD, BUT I'VE GOT NO TIME FOR EXPLANATION!
YEOW!
AS THE TWO MEN STRUGGLE, JEFF'S SHIRT IS TORN OPEN!
THE COSTUME OF THE PATRIOT!
YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, KRAUSS! BETTER BEHAVE OR ---
DESPERATE, THE NAZI LUNGES FOR HIS PISTOL!
HAH-H!
OH, NO YOU DON'T!
KRAUSS GETS THE GUN, BUT THE PATRIOT BENDS HIS HAND BACK — THE GUN BLASTS!
AIYIII! AGHR R-R!
YOU ASKED FOR IT!

AFTER SMASHING THE FLASHLIGHTS OF THE DEAD NAZI, THE PATRIOT BECKONS A TEEN...
NOW, ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE IN KOLNISS'S DESK, MY NEXT STOP IS NEW YORK!
MEANWHILE, IN A DOWNTOWN NEW YORK OFFICE...
I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT! THE MESSAGE SMUGGLED OUT FROM HOFF SAID MUELLER WOULD ARRIVE AT 6 A.M. HE'S AN HOUR LATE!
SOME HOW, SOME, PERHAPS THE AMERICAN TRAINS ARE NOT AS PUNCTUAL AS OURS!
SUDDENLY, THERE IS A PUNCH OF SHATTERING GLASS!
THE PATRIOT!
SORRY I'M LATE! BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME!
THE PATRIOT BECOMES A STREAK OF RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE LIGHTNING!
OOOFF!
YEOW-W!
GET TOGETHER, BOYS! YOU'RE TURN ON A KINDA!
NOW, AS CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE UNDERGROUND RAIL-ROAD, YOU CAN SUPPLY ME WITH THE NAMES OF NAZI FLUERS PLANTED IN OUR PLANE FACTORIES! SPILL IT, OK...
THE LIST IS IN THE WALL SAFE. I GAVE YOU THE COMBINATION!
LATER...
LONG DISTANCE? I WANT TO MAKE A PERSON-TO-PERSON CALL TO A REPORTER NAMED CASEY, HOTEL MORRIS, WINDSOR...
REVERSE THE CHARGES!
WHAT? THE WHOLE SHOOTING PIKE ROUNDED UP? NICE WORK! THANKS FOR THE RUN, PATRIOT! HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!
REUNION IN NEW YORK...
I GO ALL THE WAY TO CHICAGO, AND ENTERPRISE SCOOPS ME IN NEW YORK!
I HAVE TO RUB IT IN. HE MAKES A LONG-DISTANCE CALL COLLECT!
CHEAP SKATE, SIR!
IT WOULDN'T BE A BAD IDEA, JEFF, IF YOU TRIED BEATING HIM!

THE VISION
PROGRAM
A PISTOL SPEAKS AND A MAN CRIES OUT! ... THIS IS THE DEADLY DIALOGUE THAT LAUNCHES THE VISION IN THE ROLE OF PLAYRIGHT TO OUT-PLOT A KILLER ... IN ...
"DIALOGUE OF DEATH!"
A MYSTERY PLAY IN ONE ACT
WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY
THE VISION

THE MOUNTAIN HUNTING LODGE OF HORACE J. SMITH, PLAYWRIGHT...
I FEAR I'M A POOR HOST, FOLKS, BUT DICK AND I MUST LEAVE YOU — WHY NOT GO FOR A HIKE OR SOMETHING WHILE WE POUND OUT OUR LATEST OPUS!
GO TO IT, SMITTY. WE MAY BE HAM ACTORS BUT WE'RE SWELL MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS!
LEAVING HIS GUESTS, SMITH AND HIS COLLABORATOR FIND A QUIET SPOT IN THE WOODS...
BLUE SKY— THE SCENT OF PINES — THIS PLACE IS IDEAL, SMITTY!
SAVE THAT LINE FOR OUR PLAY, DICK! — LET'S SEE... WE'RE IN ACT II...
TWO PLAYWRIGHTS... IN THE THROES OF INSPIRATION!...
— AT THIS POINT THE VILLAIN GRABS HER. SHE SAYS, "HANDS OFF!"
RIGHT! THEN HE LEANS TOWARD HER WITH A SMILE AND SAYS, "RUTH, I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO —
WHILE THE AUTHORS TOIL, THE GUESTS HIKE...
NOW WHAT ON EARTH HAPPENED TO PRENTISS?
BEING THE STAR OF THE LATEST BROADWAY HIT, HE PROBABLY DON'T WANT TO TRAIL ALONG WITH US SPEAR-CARRIERS!
THE SUN SETS, THE NOISE OF TYPING CEASES. SUDDENLY THE MOUNTAINS RE-ECHO TWO SOUNDS — A PISTOL SHOT AND THE CRY OF A MAN IN MORTAL PAIN!
BANG!
AI-YHI!
FROM A THICKET RACES PRENTISS!...
SMITTY! JOHNSON! RUTH! C'MERE! QUICK! SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!
SMITH JOINS PRENTISS WHO POINTS AT SOMETHING ON THE GRASS...
DICK CRAWN, — DEAD! ... I THOUGHT YOU TWO WERE WORKING TOGETHER!
WE STOPPED AN HOUR AGO. WHILE I BROUGHT THE TYPEWRITER BACK TO THE LODGE, HE WENT FOR A WALK. POOR DICK!

SOME EVIL ROCK PLACE HERE, OR I SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SUMMONED! PROMISED HUMAN WAS MURDERED!
LOOKS LIKE A CLEAR CASE OF SUICIDE!
WAIT! TA-! LOOK WHAT'S RISING FROM THE GRUNT--! SMOKE!
HEARD THE NOTE I FOUND NEAR THE BODY. IT'S IN DICK'S HANDWRITING. SAYS, "I'VE MESSED UP WITH MY GAMBLING. GOODBYE!"
I STILL INSIST IT'S MURDER!
THAT'S RIGHT!
WHO CARES WHAT YOU INSIST! WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY? AND WHAT'S SMOKE GOT TO DO WITH THE SLIM... NO DOUBT!
I AM THE VISION, ENEMY OF EVIL!
YOU?! THEN I'M J. EDGAR HOOVER OF THE F.B.I.! THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY! SO SCRAM! BEFORE YOU END UP DEAD OUT!
TOSSED OUT SO YOU -- AND WHAT ABOUT
...
...
I'LL DO IT ALONE, SMOKE FACE! YEOW! MY HAND!!
HURT YOURSELF?
PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP YOU FORGET THE PAIN!
AGHRR!
AND NOW I'LL LEAVE YOU FOR A WHILE. I HOPE YOU PEOPLE AREN'T AS SKEPTICAL AS MR. PRENTISS!
WELL, I'LL BE--! HE'S DISAPPEARING IN THE SMOKE OF YOUR CIGARETTE, JOHNSON!
HUH?
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WHAT HIT ME, JOHNSON? THE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED?
I DON'T KNOW! BUT WHATEVER HE IS, HE'LL BE BACK! SO BE GOOD, PRENTISS!

TRUE TO HIS PROMISE, THE VISION RETURNS!
THE LOOSE IS DISCREET. THEY'VE PROBABLY ALL GONE TO THE CORONERS INQUEST, WHICH PERMITS ME TO WORK UNDISTURBED!
I HAVEN'T A SEARCH WARRANT, BUT WHO'S DEALING WITH MURDER, YOU DON'T BOTHER WITH A TECHNICALITIES!
WHAT'S THIS? A WAD OF PAPER - PUSHED UP A DRESS?
FORTUNATELY, SCIENCE HAS A WAY OF LIFTING WRITING FROM SCORCHED PAPER! A SOLUTION OF SILVER NITRATE!...
--AND WORDS APPEAR... INTERESTING WORDS -- WORDS THAT MEANT DEATH TO THE MAN THAT WROTE THEM!
AHH -- JUST WHAT I WANT! THE PORTABLE TYPEWRITER...
IT DOESN'T WORK! HMM! A PART'S MISSING! MAYBE IT'S DROPPED ON THE FLOOR!
WHAT LUCK! NOW TO WRITE MY MASTERPIECE!
THIS PROBABLY WILL MAKE SHAKESPEARE TURN OVER IN HIS GRAVE -- BUT IT MAY SEND A KILLER TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
AND SO THE VISION TAKES THE STRANGEST ROLE IN HIS CAREER -- THE ROLE OF A PLAYWRIGHT!

AND WHILE THE VISION'S FINGERS TAP OUT A SCENARIO OF DEATH AND DUPLICITY, A CORONER'S JURY RETURNS A VERDICT...
IN OUR OPINION, CORONER, RICHARD CRAWN COMMITTED SUICIDE!
VERY WELL. THE CASE IS CLOSED!
WELL, JOHNSON, THAT'S OVER WITH — AN EXCELLENT VERDICT!
I'M NOT SO SURE PRENTISS! AFTER ALL, WHY SHOULD A HEALTHY SUCCESSFUL MAN LIKE DICK TAKE HIS OWN LIFE?
YOU'RE LETTING THAT MAGICIAN PULL A SMOKE-SCREEN OVER YOUR BRAIN! SNAP OUT OF IT, JOHNSON!
HE'S NO MAGICIAN! HE'S THE VISION! I'M SURE OF IT!
YOU DON'T BELIEVE PEOPLE APPEAR AND DISAPPEAR IN SMOKE IN THIS DAY AND AGE? GROW UP! THAT FAIRY-TALE STUFF IS FOR KIDS!
MAYBE YOU'D RATHER WE BELIEVED THAT DICK KILLED HIMSELF, EH?
IF YOU'RE IMPLYING THAT I KILLED HIM RUTH, I'LL...
PRENTISS! STOP!
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL! DICK'S DEATH HAS PUT US ALL ON EDGE! NOW SHAKE HANDS AND FORGET IT!
OKAY! SORRY I LOST MY TEMPER, RUTH!
SKIP IT PRENTISS!
SMITH'S GUESTS RETURN TO THE LODGE...
NO MATTER WHAT PRENTISS SAYS — I'M CONVINCED THE VISION IS RIGHT!
I'M GLAD SOMEONE HAS FAITH IN ME!
JOHNSON... WHO'S THAT?
THE— THE— VISION!
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU FOLKS! I HAVE A PLAY — BUT NO ACTORS! IF YOU'LL OBLIGE ME, PERHAPS WE'LL TRAP A MURDERER!

That NIGHT...
OH OH! HE'S BACK AGAIN!
GOOD EVENING! MOST OF YOU ARE THEATRICAL FOLK. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO HEAR A READING OF A ONE ACT PLAY I'VE JUST WRITTEN?
YOU WRITE A PLAY? THIS OUGHT TO BE RICH! GO AHEAD SMOKY! WE NEED TO LAUGH!
THANK YOU, GLAMOURPUSS! I WOULD LIKE JOHNSON THERE AND RUTH TO BE MY PERFORMERS!
UNFORTUNATELY, I HAVE NO STAGE PROPS. THE SCENE IS A FOREST. JOHNSON TAKES THE ROLE OF MR. SMITH, OUR HOST. RUTH, YOU PLAY THE PART OF THE LATE DICK CRAWN — LET'S BEGIN!
— FROM SCRIPTS WRITTEN BY THE VISION THE TWO ACTORS PORTRAY THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO BROWN'S DEATH...
THE TYPEWRITER WOULD GO ON THE BLINK, DICK. JUST WHEN WE'RE ABOUT TO WRITE THE SUICIDE SEQUENCE!
THAT'S OKAY SMITTY! WE'LL DO IT IN LONGHAND. GIVE ME A PENCIL!
THIS IS WHERE OUR VILLAIN KILLS HIMSELF. SO HE WRITES A NOTE — IT SAYS, "I'M FED UP WITH LIFE! GOODBYE!"
SLOW UP! I CAN'T WRITE THAT FAST!
WHAT TH — HEY! PUT DOWN THAT PISTOL SMITTY! IT MIGHT GO OFF!
IT WILL GO OFF! I HAD TO GET YOU TO WRITE YOUR OWN SUICIDE NOTE!
THERE! NOW TO PLANT THE GUN IN HIS HAND —
AGHRR!
STOP! STOP!

THAT'S THE WAY I KILLED HIM! I HAD TO GO THROUGH THAT FARCE TO GET HIS HANDWRITING ON THE NOTE! BUT I DON'T USE A BLANK GUN!
SO THE VISION WAS RIGHT! YOU SHOT YOUR OWN COLLABORATOR! WHY?
OUR CURRENT BROADWAY PLAY WAS A HIT. I WANTED TO HOG ALL THE ROYALTIES. BUT THIS SHOW ISN'T OVER YET! I'LL NOW PROCEED TO END IT BY WIPING OUT THE AUDIENCE! HEH-HEH!
BEFORE I RING DOWN THE CURTAIN, I'D LIKE TO ASK THE VISION A QUESTION! — HOW DID YOU GET WISE TO ME?
IT WAS SIMPLE! I FOUND THE SUICIDE SEQUENCE IN THE FIREPLACE. NOW SMITH, PUT DOWN THAT GUN!
HERE'S WHERE THE VISION BECOMES A GHOST!
YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOOT BETTER THAN THAT SMITH!
BANG!
NICE GOIN', VISION, OLD KID!
BAM!
RECOVERING FROM THE STUNNING BLOW SMITH TAKES TO HIS HEELS!
YOU'RE ONLY WASTING ENERGY SMITH!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
RACING AWAY FROM THE HOUSE AS FAST AS HIS LEGS WILL CARRY HIM, SMITH SUDDENLY STUMBLES AND FALLS OVER THE CLIFF'S EDGE!
HE DID GET AWAY — BUT HE'S THE LOSER!
LATER...
GREED FOR POWER — GREED FOR MONEY — IT'S ALWAYS GREED THAT DRIVES MEN LIKE SMITH TO THEIR DOOM!
LET'S DRIVE HITLER TO HIS DOOM — BE READY! BUY LOTS OF WAR STAMPS!
THE VISION WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT MARVEL!

Terry Vance
SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
...IN THE CASE OF "THE FAT MAN'S FOLLY!"
TERRY! TERRY! I-I-CAN'T BREATHE! SOMETHING'S WRONG!
UGH!--IT SMELLS LIKE CHLORINE GAS!
PHEW! PHOOEY!
NEAR THE SHIP YARDS OF A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN, TERRY, HIS MONK DR. WATSON, AND HIS PAL DEADLINE DAWSON, SEARCH FOR A "SCOOP" ON THE SHIPBUILDING PROGRAM WHEN SUDDENLY A GREEN MIST FILLS THE A.R.!
INTO THAT HALIBUT QUICK!
SPLASH! SQUISH!
LOOK! MURDER?
CORPSE!

HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT!
I'M GOING TO GET THE POLICE, TERRY!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT CHLORINE GAS!
PHEW - SURE! - IT'S NOT IN THE AIR ANY MORE! IT MUST HAVE EVAPORATED
RUNG!
MEANWHILE -- TERRY STUDIES THE CORPSE ...
I THINK DEADLINE'S BACK WITH THE COPS!
HMM! HIS CLOTHES ARE SPECKLED AND HIS FULL OF WHITE DUST PARTICLES
IN HERE, OFFICER!
LEAD ON!
STEP ASIDE, SON!
HEY!
IT'S NORRIS, THE "D" MAN!
SWEET SCOTT! THIS IS SERIOUS!
WOW! WHAT A STORY!
PARDON ME, OFFICER, BUT I'M A REPORTER, AND --
GIT! OUTSIDE! SCRAM, YOU KIDS!
- A MILD CHLORINE ATTACK - A NO-MAN MURDERER! WE'RE ON THE BEAM OF A BIG STORY, TERRY! BUT WE COPS WON'T LET US IN ON IT! GRRRR!
CALM DOWN, A SEC, DEADLINE - I THINK I KNOW SOME OF THE ANSWERS --

WHAT GIVES, TERRY?
YES! I'M ALL EARS!
WELL FIRST OF ALL, THE G-MAN'S CLOTHES WERE DISCOLORED - AND DISCOLORED--
--IN ITS LIQUID FORM IS A POWERFUL DYE! - RIGHT?
RIGHT! EVIDENTLY THE G-MAN MUST HAVE BEEN NEAR THE PLACE WHERE THE GAS WAS PREPARED!
BUT WHERE, TERRY? - WHERE WAS IT PREPARED?
FROM THE WHITE DUST PARTICLES ON HIS CLOTHING, I'D SAY IN A GRANITE QUARRY!
MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES IN PERSON!
NONSENSE! THERE'S NO QUARRY AROUND HERE!
NO?
NO?
NO--BUT THERE IS A GRANITE-PULVERIZING OUTFIT RIGHT HERE NEAR THE SHIP YARDS!
OHOH! WE'RE GOING TO PAY THAT FACTORY A VISIT!
AND HOW!
BUT FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS OF THE SHIP YARDS STEPS ANOTHER FIGURE!
THOSE YOUNG MEDDLERS! - THEY'VE STUMBLED ON MY SECRET!
BUT THEY WON'T LIVE TO TELL ANYONE ELSE ABOUT IT!

HERE WE ARE!
SEE! WHAT DID SMOKESTACK?
HUH! THAT'S FUNNY! THERE ARE THREE OF US—SEE—BUT THERE ARE FOUR SHADOWS!
PANT! PANT!
TERRY TURNS — JUST IN TIME!
KOW—I MISSED!
WHAT NOW!
DEADLINE! WATCH OUT!!
UGH!
CRACK!
SWINE! I'LL KILL YOU!
INTO THE WATER!
WATCH THIS SWAN DIVE!
BANG!
BANG!
SAFE!
SPLASH!
THIS CURRENT IS TAKING US RIGHT INTO THE FACTORY!

OUR FRIENDS ARE SWEPT INTO A HUGE TANK!
WOW! WHAT A SETUP!
BETTER DUCK!
INSIDE, SWINE!
OOH! MY HEAD!
SAY, SINCE YOU'RE GOING TO DIE SOON, YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW OUR SECRET!
YOU ARE NOT IN A GRANITE-PULVERIZING FACTORY, BUT IN A COMPLETELY SELF-SUFFICIENT POISON-GAS ARSENAL!
WE ELECTROLYZE SEA-WATER INTO CHLORINE GAS WHICH WE DISCHARGE THROUGH OUR SMOKESTACK — LOW — THE FUEHRER IS CLEVER, NO?
YOU DIRTY NAZI!
—IF HE BACKS UP JUST A LITTLE MORE!
YOUR G-MAN ALMOST DISCOVERED US — BUT NOW HE'S DEAD! AND AT THIS VERY MOMENT, MY WORKERS ARE READY TO FILL THE BARRAGES WITH POISON GAS!
NO SURPRISE, TODAY, HERR MASTER!
WHAT— WHAT—!
GIVE HIM A GOOD BATH, TERRY!

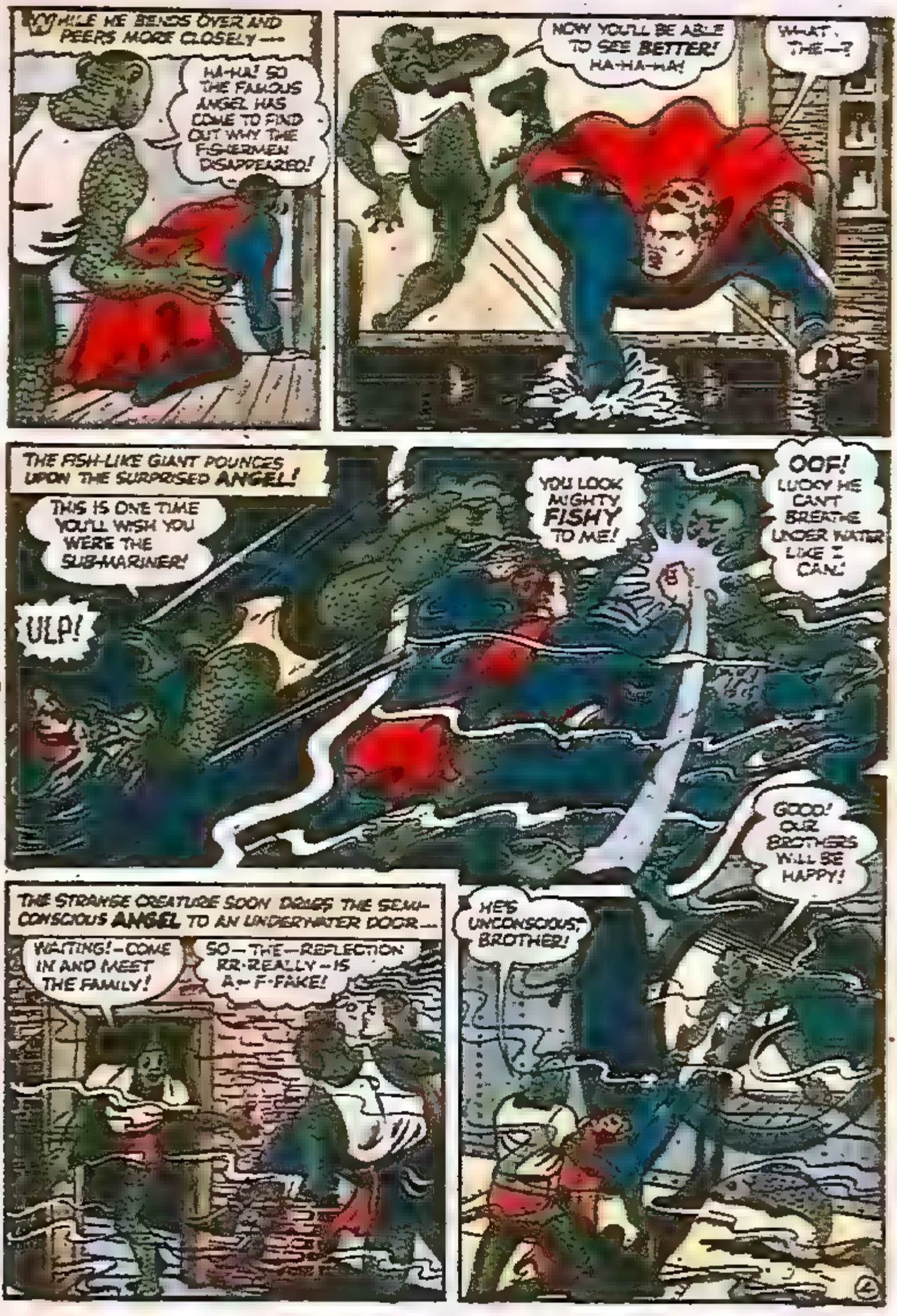
DR. WATSON, TERRY!
GLUG! GLUG!
WHA, PAL!
IT'S GET THIS MAN DROWNED BUT OUT OF THIS TANK!
GOSH, HE WAS ONE A TON!
AND NOW WE GOT TO STOP THAT GAS ATTACK!
YES—BUT HOW?
REMEMBER—THIS JIM SAID THE GAS WAS DISCHARGED THROUGH THE SMOKESTACK! WELL, LET'S GO!
WOW! THAT'S GOOD!
STEALTHILY THE BOYS ENTER THE FACTORY YARD...
IS THE COAST CLEAR, DR. WATSON?
OH OH!
HERE'S THE SMOKESTACK, TERRY!
LET'S GO OUR STUFF!
...WHILE DR. WATSON BARS ALL THE DOORS BUT ONE...
THEY'LL HAVE TO COME OUT OF THIS ONE!

MEANWHILE IN THE FACTORY...
IT'S TIME! TURN ON THE SIRENS!
YA!
BUT?...
AGH-RRR! I'M CHOKING!
THE GAS!—IT IS NOT GOING THROUGH THE SMOKESTACK!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
THE DOORS ARE LOCKED!
NOT THIS WAY!
AH... FRESH AIR! I DON'T SHOOT!
MONKEY TRICKS!
CHK-CHK! GRRRR!
LATER...
WHERE IS OUR LEADER?
WHY DON'T THE CHLORINE GO OUT THE CHIMNEY?
"TAKE THEM TO HEADQUARTERS."
HA-HA! THAT ANSWERS BOTH YOUR QUESTIONS!
DONDER UN BLITZEN! GET ME OUT OF HERE!
THANKS TO YOU KIDS, OUR SHADOWING PROGRAM HAS SAVED FROM A DEADLY ATTACK!
THIS COUNTRY HAS NO ROOM FOR SABOTEURS!
TERRY VANCE WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT MARVEL COMICS!
MEANWHILE, DR WATSON SAYS: "LET'S MAKE MONKEYS OUT OF THE JAPS!"—BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS TODAY

The ANGEL
SOLVES THE CASE OF
"The Missing Fishermen"
WITH FURY IN THEIR HEARTS, CERTAIN OF MOTHER NATURES MISTAKES THEY PUT AN AMAZING REVENGE... AND THE ANGEL LASHES OUT AGAINST ALMOST INVULNERABLE FOES!

AS A PALE WINTRY MOON SHINES DOWN ON THE TWIN LAKES OF CONNECTICUT, A LONE FISHERMAN REACHES FOR HIS HOOD.
I GOTTA WONDER WHY'LL BE SCARY PLENTY ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS.
LOTS OF FISHIN' FOLK HAVE DISAPPEARED AROUND HERE LATELY, THAT'S WHY DON'T SCARE ME NONE.
HA! WE'LL BE THE NEXT!
SUDDENLY...
AAAAAAH!
EARLY NEXT MORNING, THE POLICE, SUMMONED BY THE FAMILY OF THE MAN, RUSH TO TWIN LAKES AND DISCOVER THE BOAT...
EMPTY!
JUST WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS, CHIEF?
YEAH!
COME! MY BROTHERS AND I NEED YOU! HA-HA-HA!
GET THE NETS, BOYS! WE'LL HAVE TO DREDGE THE LAKE FOR HIS BOOTY!
COMING UP, CHIEF!
THIS MAKES THE TENTH FISHERMAN THAT DISAPPEARED IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS! YET WE'VE GOT NOT A CLUE TO WORK ON!
SIGH
MEANWHILE, MILES MILES AWAY, THE ANGEL PICKS UP THE NEWS ON HIS PRIVATE CONNECTION WITH THE POLICE TELETYPE SYSTEM...
NO CLUES, EH? WELL, TWIN LAKES, HERE I COME!

AFTER A SWIFT PLANE TRIP TO THE CANAAN AIRPORT, THE ANGEL RACES TOWARD TWIN LAKES IN A SPEEDY CAR...
NO LUCK, CHIEF! THEY AIN'T IN THE LAKE!
GOSH! IF THEY DIDN'T DROWN, WHERE ARE THEY?
FIRST I'LL EXPLORE THE SHORE, AND BEFORE I'M THROUGH, I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! -- AND I DON'T MEAN THE LAKE, EITHER!
STILL DREDGING FOR BODIES! FUNNY FOR POOR PEOPLE TO DISAPPEAR SO FREQUENTLY!
MINUTES LATER, THE ANGEL BEHOLDS A STRANGE SIGHT!
JUMPING JUPITER! WHAT AN EERIE-LOOKING OLD HOUSE! -- AND WHAT A PERFECT REFLECTION IN THE WATER!
-- GUESS I'LL GO IN AND GIVE IT THE ONCE-OVER!
I'VE SEARCHED THIS PLACE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM AND I'D BET A PENNY NOBODY'S BEEN HERE FOR YEARS!
AS HE LEAVES...
AM I DREAMING? -- OR DID I SEE PART OF THE REFLECTION MOVE?


WHILE HE BENDS OVER AND PEERS MORE CLOSELY —
HA-HA! SO THE FAMOUS ANGEL HAS COME TO FIND OUT WHY THE FISHERMEN DISAPPEARED!
NOW YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE BETTER! HA-HA-HA!
WHAT THE —?
THE FISH-LIKE GIANT POUNCES UPON THE SURPRISED ANGEL!
THIS IS ONE TIME YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE THE SUB-MARINER!
ULP!
YOU LOOK MIGHTY FISHY TO ME!
OOF! LUCKY HE CAN'T BREATHE UNDER WATER LIKE I CAN!
GOOD! OUR BROTHERS WILL BE HAPPY!
THE STRANGE CREATURE SOON DOUBS THE SEMI-CONSCIOUS ANGEL TO AN UNDERWATER DOOR —
WAITING! — COME IN AND MEET THE FAMILY!
SO — THE — REFLECTION RR-REALLY — IS A — F-FAKE!
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS, BROTHER!
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UNCONSCIOUS, THE ANGEL IS BROUGHT INTO A DRY UNDERWATER "REFLECTION" OF THE HOUSE ABOVE...
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE, BROTHER!
IT'S THE ANGEL!- WONDERFUL!
NOW WE HAVE ENOUGH - WE WILL REVIVE HIM AND THROW HIM IN WITH THE OTHERS!
STILL WEAK, THE ANGEL IS ROUGHLY PUSHED INTO A STRANGE PRISON...
YOU WANTED TO FIND THE MISSING FISHERMEN, MR. ENDOR? WELL, HERE THEY ARE!
YOU MEAN MOST OF THEM, EH, BROTHER?
UH!--AN U-UNDERWATER PRISON!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
SO YOU STILL DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'... IT'S ALL ABOUT!
NO! ALL I KNOW IS THAT THE FISH IS GOOD AN' PLENTY!
A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO, THEY TOOK ONE OF US- NO HE NEVER CAME BACK!
SHH! SOMEONE IS COMING TO THE DOOR!
FEIGNING WEARINESS, THE ANGEL DROPS TO THE MUSTY FLOOR...
HERE'S FOOD THAT'LL MAKE YOU STRONG SO THAT YOU CAN DO US GOOD!
THIS IS MY CHANCE!
SUDDENLY...
HERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN SAVING FOR YOU, FISH HEAD!

WITH BIG-SHOULDER BROTHERS, THE ANGEL CATCHES THE FALLING TRAY!
NOW, LET ME SERVE YOU!!
CRASH!
THIS!
WITH THE WHIZZING SPEED OF A DRAGONFLY THE ANGEL RUSHES THROUGH THE DOOR!
NOW TO FIND THAT PRETTY LOOKING DOCTOR AND HIS SCALY PALS!
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER ROOM OF THE UNDERWATER DWELLING, A STRANGELY MORBID SCENE IS ENACTED!
I WILL CONTINUE THE OPERATION!
LOOK, BROTHER!
'TIS GOT REAL HUMAN SKIN ON ME AT LAST!
IT'S WONDERFUL!
WE'VE GOT ENOUGH FISHERMEN TO EAT FOR ALL OF US BROTHERS!
AND THE FAMOUS ANGEL IS HERE! I'VE THE ONE WHOSE SKIN I WANT!
YES! HE KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE UNDERWATER REFLECTION! WE CAN USE HIM FOR OUR OWN GOOD— AND KILL HIM AT THE SAME TIME! HAHAH!
©

GO GET THE ANGEL! THIS GUY DOESN'T LOOK AS IF HE'D LAST MUCH LONGER!
IT'S A PLEASURE, BROTHER.
BUT AS HE OPENS THE DOOR A FAMILIAR FIGURE CHARGED WITH FURY SUDDENLY APPEARS...
WHAT?
LOOKING FOR ME?
HERE'S SOME SKIN FOR YOUR JAW!
THE ANGEL! GET HIM!
NOW YOU'LL GET YOURS, DOC!
I'M ON TO YOUR SKIN GAME, LICE!
I GOT HIM, BROTHER!
SOCK
OOOF!
WE'VE GOT YOU, ANGEL!
THEY HAVE THE STRENGTH OF DEMONS!
THE TREMENDOUS WEIGHT OF THE POWERFUL GIANTS TELLS ON THE ANGEL, AND SOON...
TIE HIM UP AND PUT HIM ON THE OPERATING TABLE!
YES, BROTHER!
WHAT'S THIS BROTHER BUSINESS?

AND MOMENTS LATER...
YOU'VE HAD MORE STRANGE ADVENTURES THAN ANY OTHER MAN ON EARTH, BUT NEVER ONE LIKE THIS —YOUR LAST!
HE DOESN'T ACT AS IF HE'S KIDDING, EITHER!
"THROUGH SOME QUIRK OF HEREDITY, MY BROTHERS AND I WERE BORN WITH SCALES ON OUR BODIES!
"AS WE GREW UP, OTHER CHILDREN SHUNNED US! WE WERE MISERABLE ALL THE TIME ..."
HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING OUT OF WATER? HA-HA-HA!
HE-HE! LOOK AT THE FISH BOYS!
"WHEN WE WERE MEN, THE ONLY WORK WE COULD GET WAS AS SIDE-SHOW FREAKS IN FRONT OF JEERING CROWDS."
LADIES AN' GENTMEN— MEET MOTHER NATURE'S MOST AMAZING MISTAKE— THE FISH BROTHERS! EQUALLY AT HOME UNDERWATER OR ON LAND— BLAH—BLAH—
"IN DESPERATION WE DREW LOTS—AND I WAS CHOSEN TO STUDY MEDICINE IN MY SPARE TIME IN ORDER TO BE ABLE TO GRAFT HUMAN SKIN ONTO MY BROTHERS!"
—SKIN CAN BE TRANSPLANTED BY ---
"BECAUSE WE COULD BREATHE UNDERWATER, WE CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF BUILDING THE REPLICTION OF THE HOUSE ABOVE AND ABDUCTING THE FISHERMEN—"
NO ONE WILL EVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR US UNDER WATER, BROTHERS!
NOW THAT YOU KNOW OUR STORY, YOU SHALL DIE— BUT NOT BEFORE YOU'VE HELPED US LIVE BY GIVING US YOUR SKIN! HA-HA-HA!

WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING GLEAM IN HIS EYES, THE "DOCTOR" BRINGS THE RAZOR-EDGED SCALPEL TOWARD THE HELPLESS ANGEL...
FIRST, WE'LL CLIP A LITTLE SKIN OFF HIS NECK — AND THEN —
AND THEN IT'S GOOD-BYE TO THE ANGEL! HA-HA!
I'LL WEAR THE ANGEL'S NECK ON MY ARM— FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE! HO-HO!
IF IT WERE UP TO ME, YOU'D WEAR MY FINGERPRINTS ON YOUR JAW!
BUT, UNKNOWN TO THE STRANGE FREAKS, THE ANGEL HAS "GONE TO WORK" ON HIS LEG BINDINGS...
HOLD HIS SHOULDERS DOWN!
I'VE GOT HIS ARMS!
BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT MY LEGS!
ULP!
AS A DOCTOR YOU'RE A GOOD FOOTBALL!
COMPLETING A PERFECT SOMERSAULT, THE ANGEL LANDS ON HIS FEET—AND, WITH A POWERFUL TWIST, BREAKS HIS WRIST ROPES
THERE! I CAN USE MY HANDS ON YOU!
I'VE DONE LOTS OF THINGS WITH FISH, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER JUMPED ON ONE!
9

BEFORE I'M THROUGH, YOU'LL LOOK LIKE CHOPPED HERRING!
OWW!
UNNOTICED, THE SLIMY FISH-DOCTOR PICKS UP THE DEADLY SCALPEL!
I'LL PUT AN END TO THE ANGEL ONCE AND FOR ALL!
BUT THE ANGEL SWIRLS LIKE A WHIRLWIND...
PARDON ME WHILE I MOVE THIS OPERATING TABLE!
THEY'RE OUT COLD, THE PRETTY QUADRUPLETS! I'LL TRUSS THEM UP AND THE COPPERS HAVE TO SMASH THEIR WAY IN—THROUGH THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE ABOVE!
A SHORT TIME LATER, THE POLICE ARRIVE!
WHAT A FINE KETTLE OF FISH!
I'LL RELEASE THE FISHERMEN, CHIEF!
DON'T THANK US! BETTER THANK THE ANGEL!
YES, BUT WHERE IS HE?
AS THE GRATEFUL CAPTIVES LEAVE THE HOUSE OF THE REFLECTION," THEY SEE...
...THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL PROTECTOR OF GOOD AGAINST EVIL DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S THRILL PACKED STORY!

Tops!
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